

"Ripples"

The Official publication of the Southland Fly Fishing Club

The club was founded in 1974

June 2013



www.southlandflyfishingclub.org.nz



Southland Fly Fishing Club



Utah anglers and boaters use 1800s law to fight 2010 water-way law

Anglers and boaters say the law violates public trust and is unconstitutional. In the 1880s and 1890s, the Provo River through the Heber Valley served as a floating highway for timbers and railroad ties logged in the Uinta highlands. That century-old practice is being cited today in court to argue that Utah boaters, anglers, hunters and others should be allowed access to waterways even when they flow through private property — access that has been blocked by a law adopted in 2010. Representing the Utah Stream Access Coalition (USAC), attorney

Craig Coburn argued last week in a Heber City courtroom that HB141 violates the "public trust doctrine" in a case that highlights the growing tension between private property and recreational access to public land and waters. Public trust is a centuries-old legal concept that maintains certain natural amenities like coastlines, lakes, rivers and their beds remain public domain because of their importance to commerce. USAC claims the doctrine imposes a duty on government to manage such assets for the benefit of the public, while streamside property owners and the state say the government meets its obligation by simply retaining title or control. The Utah stream-access lawsuit centers on a property owner's steps to exclude anglers from the Provo River, among the state's most revered trout streams. But the main goal of the suit is to invalidate HB141. Triggering the suit was Wasatch County sheriff's deputies' practice of issuing trespass citations to those fishing the Upper Provo where it flows through the Victory Ranch Club, a high-end golf resort upstream from Jordanelle Reservoir. (*Salt Lake Tribune*)

Fly Fishing Hip Flask

For those of you brave enough to go winter fishing in the lakes this could be very handy! Decorative and functional, these hip flasks make a great gift to the fisherman. The colourful artwork wraps all the way around the flask. These flasks hold 9 ounces and come with a SS loading funnel. Single malt whisky is not included! *Hmmm do I need this or do I just want it? Check it out at riversedgeproducts.com*



An exceptional fly and very well photographed

Around the Club

Apparently an offshore member across the ditch may be planning a trip to escape the Southern Hemisphere winter and fish for rising trout in Montana blue ribbon rivers. No inky streams over there I am told.

I am sure my invitation must be in the post!

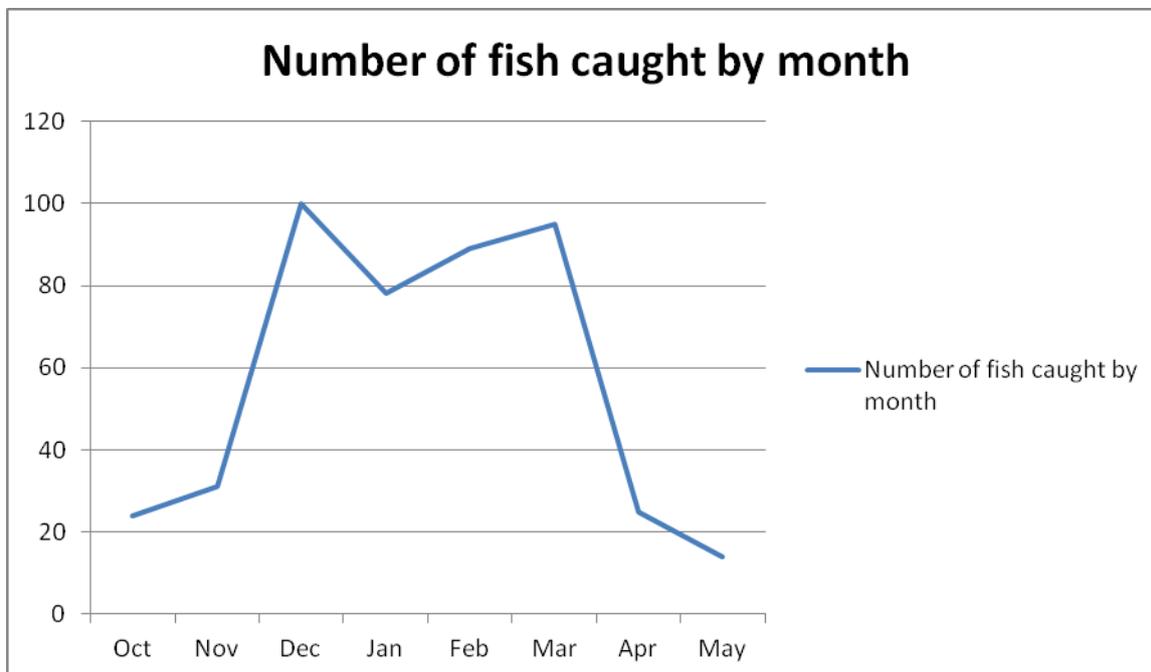


"People get the Politicians and fishing tackle they deserve."

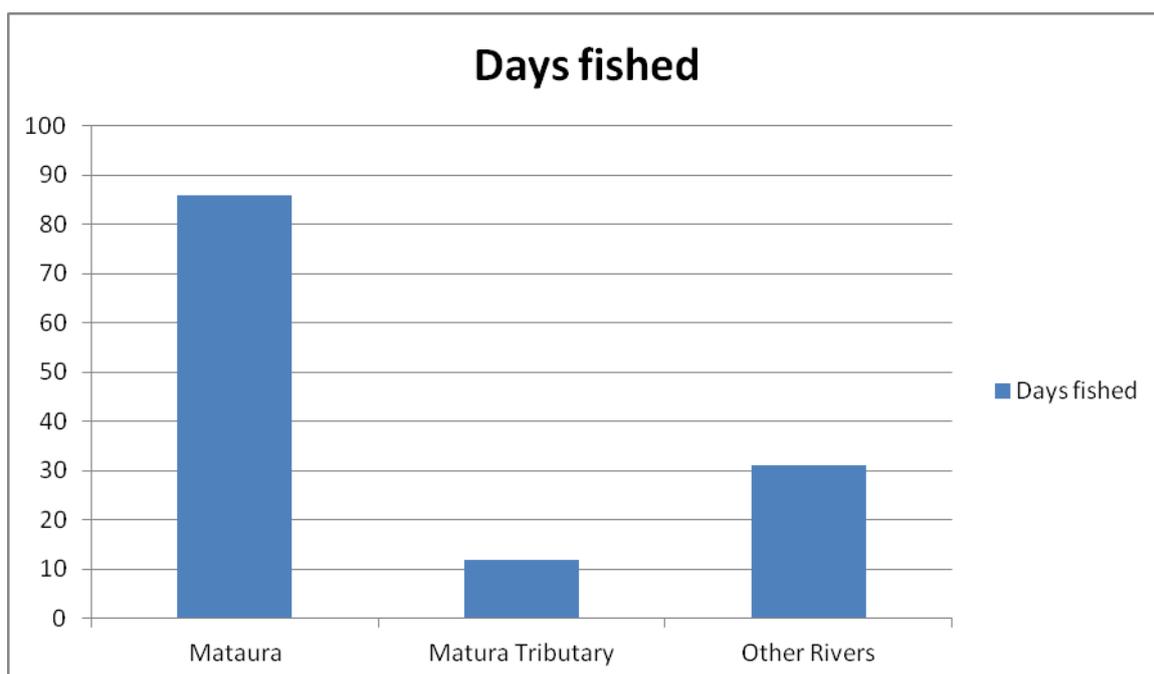
John Gierach

Fishing Season Report from Redtag

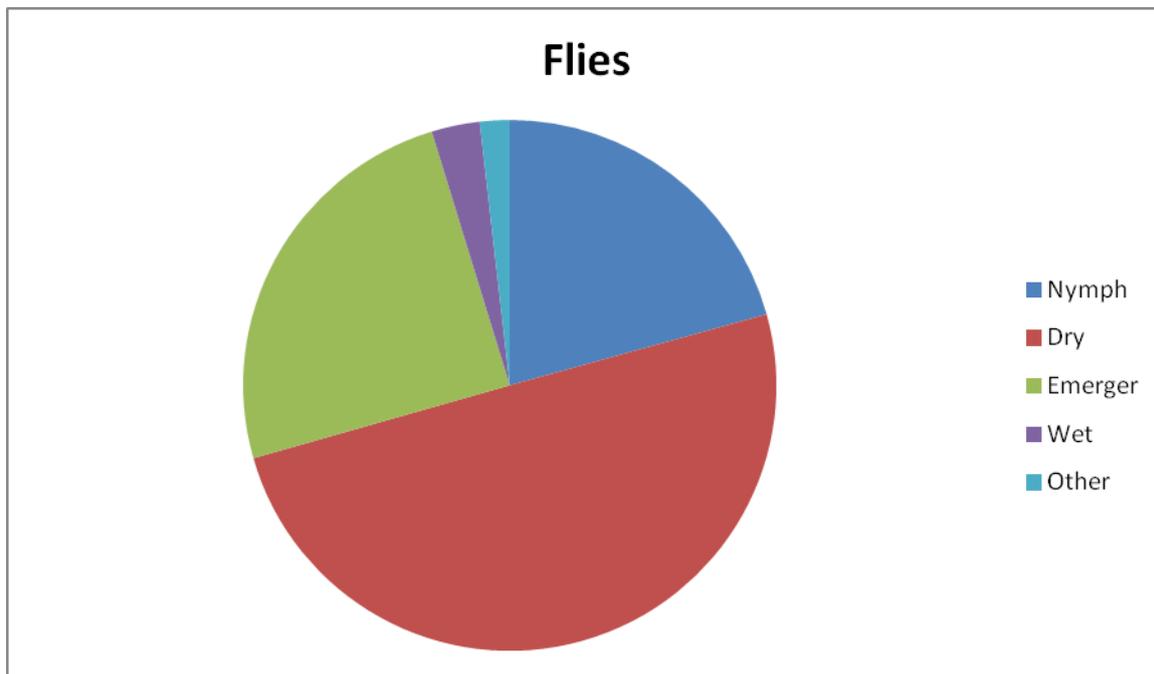
The season is over and I have to say it was the best one ever I have had anywhere in the world. According to the records in my diary I caught 445 fish this season. Given that the average over previous season is 250 this is an exceptional result. There are a number of reasons for this I believe. The weather played a prominent part as it always does but the stable conditions and low water overall proved a godsend during the prime months of insect activity. The January floods had a impact however the fishing through summer was exceptional with most fish caught between December and March.



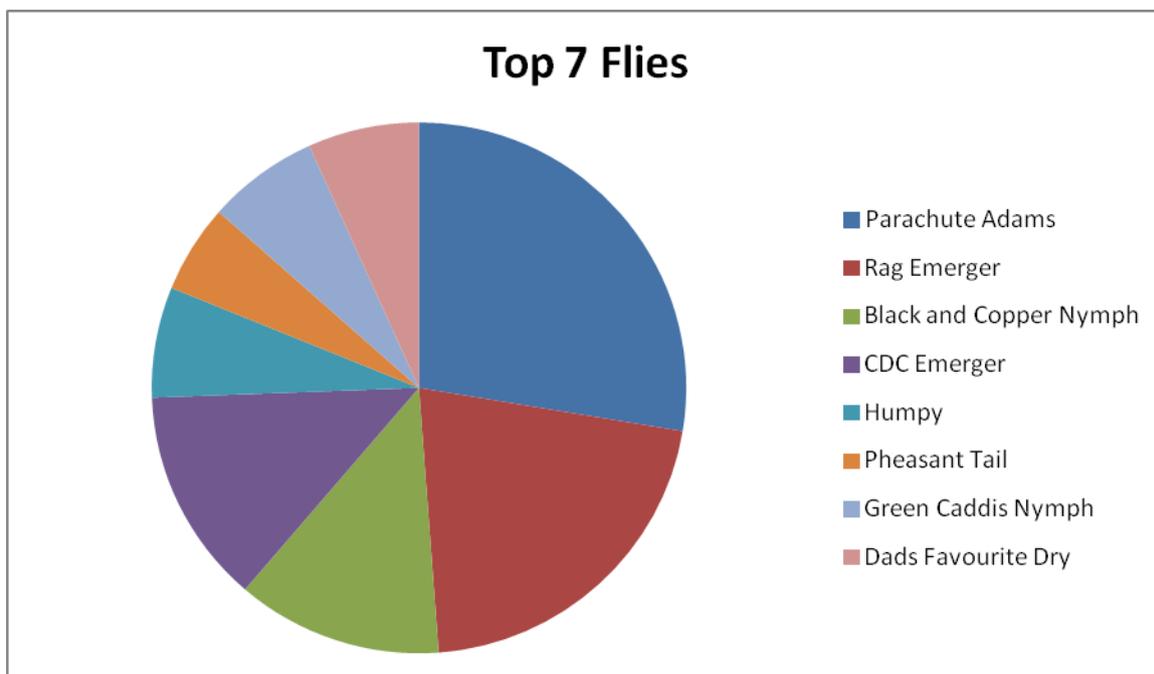
Total number of occasions spent fishing over the season were 129. This equates to 3.44 fish caught per trip. Most week days this would be a couple of hours fishing locally after work with weekend day trips away and holidays over the Christmas period. Given that there are approximately 180 fishing days through the October to end of April season we can assume that the 50 or so days not fished were primarily due to inclement weather conditions and flooded rivers. Locations fished reflect the local after work sessions primarily on the Mataura river.



Most fish were caught on dry flies and emergers which indicates the type of fishing undertaken. With the exception of very few caught blind fishing all fish were either sighted or were rising fish. This is the techniques I prefer and have perfected especially this season . This has led me to be a more selective fly fisher and has meant that much more time is spent studying the water and slowly approaching each opportunity stealthily with a focus on patience, persistence and presentation.

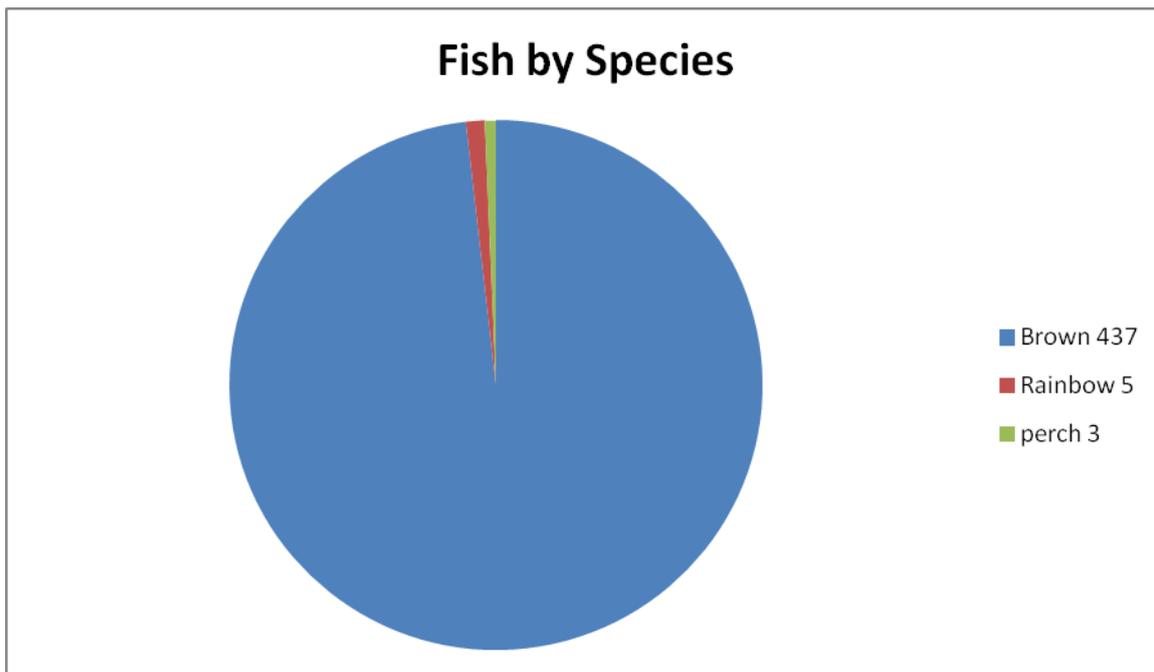


Flies used by type versus fish caught indicate that dry flies are the main flies used and include traditional, parachute and terrestrials fished up or down stream. Emergers are generally CDC patterns fished either on or in the surface film across to rising fish. Nymphs are generally tungsten bead heads from size 18 to 12 fished up or down stream. Wets are generally soft hackle flymphs fished down and across to rising fish. Other flies include dragonflies, damselflies, cicadas and mice fished dry to spotted or rising fish.



Top fly for the season is once again the Parachute Adams. I am very particular about the pattern which I tie from a pattern bought from a tackle store on Vancouver Island. It has to be very slender and sparsely tied. Size 16 being the favourite on the Mataura. The Rag (rough as guts) emerger developed during the season has been a great success and a new CDC pattern is also proving an excellent fly. Top nymph is a black thread body, copper wire rib and a black ostrich herl thorax with copper bead head. Small red and green Humpy's have also worked well.

Given the rivers mainly fished browns have been the predominant catch for obvious reasons with only a few rainbows surprisingly caught this season. Perch have not been specifically targeted but are a nice surprise and great eating. They take the fly readily especially when cast into an active shoal.



Best brown of the season was 8 1/2 lb caught in a Fiordland stream and best rainbow 3 3/4 lb caught in North Otago. Although I didn't catch many large fish this season 19 were over the 4 lb mark. Best trip was 2 days in Fiordland with 6 fish totalling 37 1/2 lb averaging out at 6 1/4 lb each. Best session was 16 fish caught in 3 hours in a North Otago stream with the largest being 3 1/2 lb.

Highlights of the season were:

Exceptional willow grubbing sessions on local rivers and streams. Conditions through summer were brilliant with long hot days resulting in fantastic fishing to these selective feeders and I am glad to say I mostly came up trumps with fly selection being less important than presentation and observation overall. Thanks Ian!

Catching at last after 3 seasons of trying a splendid North Otago rainbow in a very difficult run which had an escape bolt like no other and had to be seen to be believed!

The trip into Fiordland was amazing and fishing to big browns in crystal clear water over 2 days of brilliant conditions was an experience to remember. I found a little tributary of the main stream and although it didn't look like much I followed it upstream and found the one and only pool which held a very canny double figure fish. I couldn't catch it but it was worth the trip just to watch it feeding on duns. Hopefully he will still be in residence next season.

Apart from partnering up with a couple of good friends that I put up with obligingly on occasion, fishing alone is always my preference. I find that I get into that zone where I feel complete with no distractions. With few exceptions I had splendid days of relaxed fishing stalking trout and learning new lessons every day.

However interesting fly fishing statistics may be it is not what fly fishing is all about. Keeping records in a diary can be fun and it does give an overview that can be helpful to future success in many ways but the joy of being able to fly fish for wild trout in NZ rivers and streams irrespective of results is a privilege and a passion that every fly fisher will recognise. I look forward to the coming season and experiencing once again quality time spent on the water.

Dry Fly Action with Linz Withington



I woke after nightshift to find my wife had taken a phone call from a friend asking if I wanted to go fishing later in the week to “secret spot X” staying overnight. My wife had said yes, Lindsay will be there. So plans were made, flies sorted and appointments for later in the week transferred so I could go. Well what else was I supposed to do!!

The two days’ work before we headed away took an eternity, not even enough time to pack gear. Finally the morning arrived and what is normally a chore to get out of bed to the alarm had me springing to my feet and on the go in no time.

The drive to the river seemed to take forever and with Craig’s son along for his first trip into the wild outdoors at six

years old; he was asking heaps of questions and providing hilarity on the way. We got to the farm house and had a yarn even though access had been pre-approved.

We were soon changed into fishing clothes and rods rigged up heading to the first pool but the sun had not quite reached the water. A careful glance over the water couldn’t see any fish so we chose to blind fish this pool. Nothing. Not the start I had hoped for. Craig and his son Hunter chose to drive up to the next pool while I walked upstream looking for fish. I spooked 1 and hooked and lost another before catching up with them. Craig had spotted another so I cast to it only to have it come up, engulf the fly and bust me off. This was starting to look like a bad day.

Craig was up next to a visible fish hanging in the current at the back of a pool. Cast up, fly lands, fish rises, engulfs fly, strike – nothing. Here we go again. We drove up some more looking at awesome water where fish were seen and cast to. Craig kept missing the strike or busting off and I landed my first fish, a fine rainbow of about 4lb.

More water was surveyed and fished with me landing a total of 4 fish for the day and losing some more. My best for the day was a brown of 6½lb and a rainbow hen @ 6lb. Craig continued to either miss the strike or bust off. He was starting to get seriously annoyed.

We got back to the hut about 8pm with the first priority to get some food prepared and into Hunter and then a beer for us. After munching on a bag of chips with our beverages, Craig went to have a lie down with Hunter to help him sleep. Next minute, both of them were out cold. I took in the sunset and after falling asleep in the chair, decided I didn’t need tea and slept well also.

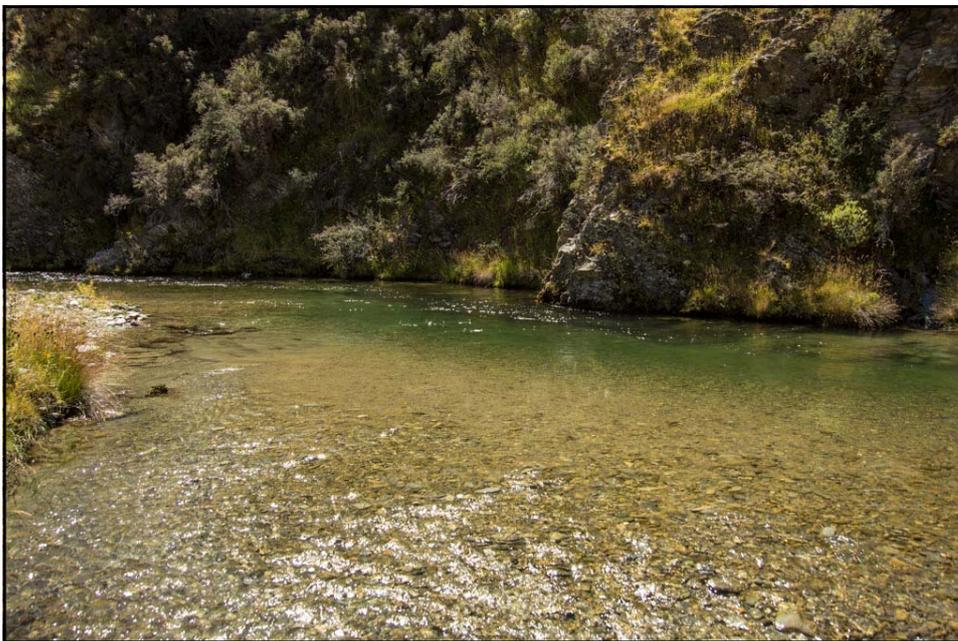


Being where we were and knowing no-one else would disturb the water; it was a relaxed start to the day, waiting for the sun to get into the valley. Last night's tea was cooked for breakfast to provide fuel for the day ahead. We made a decision to fish only one rod today, as we fished together for individual fish. We both hoped for a better day for Craig as we put the memory of yesterday out of our heads. First up was a visit to the pool where the fish from yesterday were again feeding. Craig cast up perfectly. The fish rose and inhaled the fly, strike, nothing!!! WTF? Moving on to the next pool, I just told Craig to relax and take some deep breaths. Next we covered an area that we didn't fish the day before. I walked round the river while Craig and Hunter arrived with the video camera. A careful cast was made when the camera was all go. The fish rose and took the fly. I struck and was into a nice fish. Hunter wanted a turn on the rod so we got him holding onto the rod and trying to land the fish but it was too powerful. We got some



good footage of the fish leaping out of the water before it was landed, weighed, photographed and released to fight another day. Hunter was beaming. I continued to walk round while Craig and Hunter drove back over the hill.

We eventually got to the flats above the gorge after fishing to more eager rainbows. Craig finally broke his duck landing a nice 4-4½lb rainbow that rose to a Madam 'X'. Pictures were taken before the fish was released to fight another day. Hunter was chuffed his Dad had finally landed a fish.



Back to my turn at the next fish and I missed it cold, had I now got Craig's luck? The next two fish were seen feeding in the same pool. I cast to the back one. No hesitation, up it came slurping the fly off the top. I applied heaps of pressure to this fish as I didn't want it spooking the other one, but I overdid it, snap, line back in my face. The hooked fish charged upstream still leaping out of the water with the just the fly in his mouth. The second fish still continued to feed, so another fly was tied on and cast in its direction. Up it came as well – strike – fish on. After a good battle, trying to keep it away from

the rock wall and safe, the knot at the fly let go as well. Darn this is not good!

It was a long walk back to the truck with the memory of those last two fish in my mind, what had I done wrong? We headed back to the hut to pack up and head out planning on fishing our way out. We stopped at several places and both hooked and landed nice fish. At one stop, a fish was seen feeding, so a cast was made to it. To our surprise a tiddler came up and smashed the fly. This was the ideal fish for Hunter to land, so the rod was given to him and he played it well bringing the fish up onto the beach. The fly was removed quickly, pictures with Hunter taken and the little fish was back in the water none the wiser for the experience.

We carried on out the track to the point where it all began, having seen more fish but not hooked up. We changed into fresh clothes for the trip home, packed our fishing gear away and started the journey home happy that we had had a wonderful two days of dry fly action.

Annual Club Photo Competition

[25th June 2012](#)

Classes (3):

Action: means any photo that includes the act of fishing, through to catching/landing fish, but does not include a fish being held

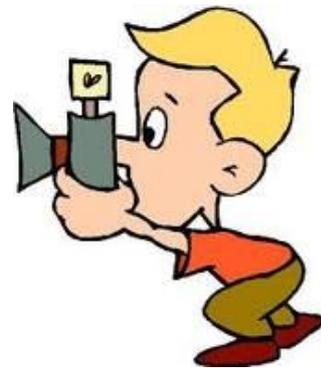
Trophy means a photo of the triumphant person with catch in hand - please note good background scenery & lighting will enhance the photo

Scenic means photos taken while fishing, but does not include either of the above

Rules.

1. Members can enter up to two photos in each class
2. All prints must be “**as taken**” (no digital adjustments/enhancements allowed)
3. Photos must be from the current season
4. **Photos must be 5 x 7 inches** (commercial or Inkjet printed)
5. Digital images of all photos must be made available for showing during the meeting, and they may/will be posted on the SFFC website after the competition
6. Photos can be entered at the meeting or any time prior by supplying the photo and file to the “Competitions” convenor—Dave Harris
7. Placings will be decided by members’ votes

Prizes for each class will be provided by Hunting & Fishing, Invercargill



Fly of the month — Henry Forkes Caddis

Won by Dave Harris



This month it is Chris McDonald's Brown Beetle, then the month after that, it is the popular “Spotlight Fly”

Final Fling



Well it was that time again – the last weekend of the high country season. A sad time (no decent river fishing for four months) but a good time to get out with other club members and fish some of the most scenic rivers around.

Initially we had five keen on this trip but the young blokes didn't make leaving just Dave, Chris and Les. This seems to be a normal group going to the lodge and we wonder why others don't come along on these trips. Format was pretty normal, Les did the shopping Friday night before heading to Dave's where all their gear was loaded into Dave's Jeep and it was off to pick up Chris and his gear. Not much room left as all had

fly tying gear as well as fishing gear due to a pretty dodgy weather forecast. The Lodge was in good condition although there were a few flies on the floor, the last of the latest invasion of cluster flies. Chris seemed to have a bit of gear maintenance to do before they all went to bed at an early hour (for the lodge).

Saturday rise time was 6:00am with a planned departure time of 7:00am. With breakfast out of the way and lunches made it was time to head into the Von River. Chris was keen on the gorge and Les wanted to fish the flats. Dave decided to join Chris in the gorge and Les took the truck back to the bridge at the top of the gorge where he started fishing. Chris spotted a fish at the first pool in the usual place and it did the usual thing by bugging off. However Dave found one in the next pool and soon had a nice 3½lb rainbow in the net. Chris was into a nice fish that hadn't been spotted in the next pool and after a good fight had a 4lb rainbow in the net. Dave managed another rainbow before they reached the top of the gorge. Meanwhile Les had landed his first rainbow on the flats. He was making slow progress but was fishing each pool very carefully.

Chris and Dave took the truck up to the old homestead to fish up from here. A few fish were spotted, mainly browns but they were not being at all co-operative. Finally Dave spotted a rainbow in some difficult water with all sorts of strange currents. This rainbow was very keen and took the dry fly before it had time to drag. It was typical Von rainbow, 2lb but a bit long and skinny. Chris decided it was lunch time so they headed back to the truck for lunch and then another look at the gorge. Before



they had lunch they decided to check on Les but couldn't raise him on the radio. He was soon spotted having not covered a vast distance but when Dave went to pull off the road he dropped the left front wheel of the Jeep into a culvert he had not seen right on the edge of the road. Things didn't look good but reverse was selected and the truck was backed onto the road without too much difficulty. Other than a mudflap torn off it didn't look like there was any damage. Eventually Les responded to the radio and said he had just landed his third fish, a 5lb brown. He decided not to join the others for lunch but to keep fishing up towards to the old homestead.

Chris and Dave ate their lunch and then headed a bit further down the gorge than where they had started in the morning. After a lot of bush bashing and backtracking first Dave and then a few minutes later Chris made it to river level. Chris had come out of the bush several metres above the river one pool down from where they came out and was sure there were no fish in the pool he was looking into. He decided to drop a bit further down the gorge to see what he could find while Dave started on the pool Chris was sure held no fish.

Chris was soon into another fish while Dave had found a rainbow in the empty pool. Chris soon had his fish in the net but Dave did not manage to hook up on the one he had spotted. Next pool up Dave had a rainbow take the dry fly but it didn't stay on. Further up he had another rainbow take a liking to his dry fly. It missed the fly at its first attempt but chased the fly furiously down the river and took it. Unfortunately it didn't hook up and the fish went back to where it had started. A few casts later it decided a nymph might be a better feed. Dave hooked it easily but broke it off after a good fight. No more fish were hooked in the gorge although the first fish from the morning was in the same place but it was gone after the first cast.



They walked back to the truck and headed off up river to find Les. He was off the river and was just thinking about having a nap on the side of the road. He had not landed any more fish since lunch.

They all packed up their gear and headed back to the lodge for Les to cook dinner. After dinner Les and Chris got their fly tying gear out and tied a few flies while Dave was on-line watching formula one practice from Monaco. The weather was not looking great with the wind coming up and rain starting.

Sunday morning came after a night of howling gales and wind. No-one was up before daylight and there was no question of going fishing. After breakfast it was fly tying time again with a good number of flies being tied. After lunch and a few more flies it was time to pack up, clean up the lodge, prepare it for winter and head home. The season was over.

The weekend was quite cheap with food \$106, gas \$108 and lodge fees \$20 each. That is a total of \$91 each although the gas bill would have been a bit higher had Sunday's planned trip to Te Anau to fish the Upukerora River taken place.

Hare & Copper

Final Fling - part two



Yes, Dave and Chris had decided to fish the gorge, so Les decided there was not a lot of fishing room there for three, and would be better to try another area.

Les was not feeling that fit (being the young man that he is) so he was in no hurry to do anything, but enjoy the moment and the scenery.

Finally after a really leisurely start, he walked down to the bridge, and was surprised by the extremely low flows, was this going to mean his decision to fish this part of the river was going to mean there was not much holding water for fish?

The sun had just start to rise over the hill, he just stood there for a few moments enjoying the scenery and the

warmth of the sun, thinking he was going to need to fish every possible piece of water that might hold a fish. Next the camera came out of the bag, and a few record shots were taken, now it was time to get the feet wet. Fishing 3-4 pieces of water very carefully, but nothing clung to the line, then he came across another piece of water only 100m from my start point that looked quite promising, he was going to spend some time here, and did. It wasn't very long before the first fish was on the line, and it turned out to be a nice 3.5lb brown (a good fish for that area). Well that fish decided it was going downstream, and it did, as it went through the pool below a couple of good fish darted around past his fish, of course he had just fished that pool very carefully only 5 minutes before that - where did they come from he thought to himself.

Les went back up to the pool and carried on from where he had hooked up, and before leaving that pool manage to find a very nice rainbow, but it decided that a mid stream release was its choice.

As Dave and Chris will attest, Les moved slowly over the water taking all day to reach his end point where he finally got picked up. Les had plenty of fish to keep him amused, a number of them had other things on their mind than eating his flies. Les had a great day, slowly and carefully inspecting each piece of water, seeing a fair number of mostly un-cooperative fish, enjoying the scenery and the moment. By the time he was picked up, his poor old body seemed to belong to someone else, Les was sure he had ordered an 18 year old body the night before but he didn't know what happened to the order.

Landing a couple of fish, what else should we need, but back to the warmth of our Lodge with a nice hot meal and the days events reviewed.

Fiblet

An email from Canada

Cole Shrivell sent the following email after correctly identifying the Upper Mararoa and winning the draw in the Name This Stream Competition last month.

10-4 Good Buddy! Thanks for the update on my entry. NZ soldiers who didn't want to fight in the war hid in Shirker's Bush near where the photo was taken from. Sympathizers would bring butter and food along the lake shore and the resisters would meet them at the end of the lake to take the supplies back to camp. The bush was (and to this day remains) the only firewood for miles around, and fuel was a necessity for survival back in those days. Oh yeah. There are some fish there too, just at the bottom of the Bush, that the resisters would catch coming up from the lake to spawn. I would like to donate my prize to the Club to be given away at an appropriate point in the Club's proceedings. In particular I am impressed with the work the Club does with young anglers beginning their fly fishing careers, and I would like to see the prize re-gifted in some way to support that work. I am sure that Dave Harris could keep the prize and give it out next season to some deserving junior.

Thanks for the note. The Chinook salmon fishing is fantastic right now off the East Coast of Vancouver Island as fish approach the Fraser river mouth.

All the Best to everyone in the Club.

Name This Stream Competition

Last months photo of a stream brought no correct response. So it will carry over this month. A clue is "a drive towards Gore" would help you to get to this River.

Answers by email only please to service@eis.co.nz Correct answers will be placed in a draw for a \$20 Hunting and Fishing voucher sponsored by EIS.

If you have a photo of a Southland stream you would like to include in the competition please email the Editor.



Coming Events

15th June		Fly Tying for club members by club members - Meal at Night , (\$5 funny gift)
25th June	[MM]	Members Video & Photo night plus photo competition
2nd July	(CM)	Fly tying
30th July	[AGM]	Election of Officers, MVM, Prize Giving - (Supper)

Club Contacts

- Address **Southland Fly Fishing Club, PO Box 1689, Invercargill, New Zealand**
- Website www.southlandflyfishingclub.org.nz
- President Dave Harris, 30 Baxter Street Invercargill (03 215 6068) dcharris@southnet.co.nz
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Items for publication must be submitted to the editor, prior to the 10th of the month
- Librarian Jarred Martin, 33 Willis Street, Invercargill jmjavamartin@gmail.com
- Lodge Custodian Rick Gerrard, 44 Watt Road Otatara, 03 213-0920 (H) or txt 0275984322

Club items for sale

Metal Badges \$15 ea.



Cloth Patches \$12 ea.



Club Meetings

The club meets at 7:30pm on the last Tuesday of each month (except December) at the Fish & Game building, 159 North Road Invercargill. [The February meeting is on the river.](#)

Executive Committee meets on the first Tuesday of the month following the general meeting, except for Dec/Jan, includes fly tying, so come along and bring your gear if you want help with a fly—all members welcome.

Club Resources

The club has an extensive library of Books and Videos, contact the Librarian, Jarred Martin.

A blow up Rubber Boat and a set of five Radio's, which can be borrowed by club members, contact Les Ladbrook.

Club Sponsors



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